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DEFERRED PAY.

THE principle of deferred payment is one which in many forms is familiar to us all. With the military economist, the phrase denotes a varying sum deducted from the daily pay of men in the ranks, to be repaid at the end of a term of service. In another sense, an annuity, or other periodical payment, is said to be 'deferred' when it falls due only after the expiry of a certain number of years—thus forming perhaps a prudent provision for old age—or it may be only receivable after the decease of a relative, or conditional on the occurrence of some future event. These are instances, upon which we need not here enlarge, of some of the ordinary uses of deferred payments; and, generally speaking, the phrase has much the same signification when otherwise employed, usually denoting a postponement to some future period, often at present sacrifice, of some existing resource, in order to secure a corresponding benefit afterwards. It is, in fact, the abstract principles of self-denial and forethought reduced to a concrete form, and adapted to the ordinary transactions of life.

There are many persons, however apparently unconcerned with deferred payments, in the ordinary use of the term, who are unquestionably entitled to them, although the consideration they hope to receive may not in every instance take the shape of money. Indeed, apart from the classing of all education as, properly speaking, a provision for future returns, the higher training and early career of many of our best and most gifted men is little else than prudent forethought in this direction. The principle, in fact, may be traced deeper still, and may be found to underlie all our national industry and enterprise. It is as ancient as the civilisation of which it is one of the distinguishing marks—this system of present endeavour, the suffering and endurance, perhaps, of toil and hardship, the working-time of life with its sparse opportunities for leisure or recreation—in short, the training undergone for

the sake of the future recompense which forms the deferred payment.

The expenditure involved in some individual cases, either of actual toil or of its equivalent in patient waiting, is often greater in proportion to the reward obtained, than in others. In the race of life, some men are heavily handicapped by hindrances in social position, or lack of opportunities for training; for, although there is no royal road to learning, the approaches to it are often blocked by what, after all, are but adventitious circumstances. The ambitious student born and bred in the humbler ranks, coming to the university city to train for professional pursuits, makes large payments, in kind, to carry out his cherished scheme. His has been arduous preparatory study at home, perhaps under great disadvantages. The contest for the much-coveted bursary has been a hard one. Even with it secured to him, the struggle in town-life to make ends meet, and to maintain a respectable exterior, the scanty meal, and the prolonged study—all these form his provision for the deferred payment of the college Diploma which shall enable him to enter on his professional career. Nor can it be said that his reward is gained even then. The self-denying spirit has to be carried forward far into his future life. Such a one may fairly be said to have more than earned his deferred payment. And yet it is only one instance out of many of the same kind of self-denying discipline for a certain end, and that perhaps without promise of the highest rewards. The prospect aimed at throughout may be only that of middle-class distinction, with a social position and emoluments of a very ordinary kind, and yet such may be the *summum bonum* of the aspirant's hopes.

There are, however, loftier ambitions cherished by the few who will not be satisfied with mediocrity in attainment, even though it should be accompanied with affluence. We have at this moment in our recollection the instance, amongst many others, of a barber's boy—'not a barber,' as he himself said, 'but only a barber's boy'—

whose aspirations were not satisfied until his name was inscribed on the roll of England's peers. The instances we could easily adduce are of men who started with little or nothing in their favour, and succeeded; others, whose hearts were perhaps as high, and who had better opportunities, failed; or not attaining the highest honours, were at least fain to be content with what lay within their reach. But in this our moral lies—that there must necessarily have been, even in examples of the most brilliant and unqualified success, no small amount of careful provision, of payments into the Bank of Futurity. Many of the pleasant and harmless enjoyments which lie around us all, and which moderate means and station might have secured, and the easier attained success which would have satisfied others—all these must have been foregone and disregarded, in looking to the larger prize ahead. It was a strife, doubtless, in each case against a cold and unsympathising world—against rivalry, competition, and professional jealousies; but it was also a victory over a self-satisfied contentment with the lesser, so long as the greater prize remained in view, and so far, therefore, it was a self-denial for the present. Then all the obstacles proved surmountable, and the present enjoyments capable of being resisted, and the looked-for payment, long deferred, came at last.

Even in those exceptional instances when so-called Fortune proved propitious, and where favourable opportunities may be said to have gained half the battle, there has doubtless been throughout much postponement of contentment and ease to future years. There may have been, perhaps, much to endure in an early and uncongenial lot, before the golden opportunity presented itself, and ere the future career was made plain; for although 'the labour we delight in, physics pain,' the burden of a thoroughly distasteful occupation, to an ambitious mind, is an uneasy and galling yoke, hard to bear.

Then there is the dark side of the picture—the payment, hardly earned, which, if it comes at all, comes not in expected measure, or too late, to be a solace only at the very ending of life, or to hang its laurels upon the tomb. The deferred payments of posthumous fame, the too long delayed tribute to merit and genius, form some of the saddest pages in history.

All we have said, however, concerns instances where deferred payments previously provided for were actually due, at some time or other. But, in addition to the truism, that opportunities neglected seldom or never return, we can add this one, drawn from our subject—that if there be no timely provision, there will certainly be no store for after-drawing upon. If there be no self-denying labour, there will be no future recompense. 'Does he work?' inquired Ruskin, when told of the great abilities of a contemporary; and we may be sure the question was asked with a view to estimate the success the individual would probably achieve. If there is no work, there is no reward.

For if our virtues go not forth of us,
'Twere all alike as though we had them not.

It is quite possible, even in this busy world, for a man so to shirk and shun work within his

range, or to content himself with the measure of it which may suffice for daily necessities, as, practically, to make no provision for coming days. He will be entitled to no deferred pay. His later years may indeed be secured from want; perhaps, through no efforts of his own, he may even have an abundance; but the rapture of achievement, the satisfaction arising from a task well done, will not be his to possess.

All perseverance of patient effort for the highest ends, all the 'taking of infinite pains'—which we are told is the best definition of genius—is but the deferred payment system adopted in daily life, being the storing-up of present available resources, including those of patience and endurance, for the securing of future benefit. And when the end is once accomplished, the efforts expended will not be grudged or mourned over—will scarcely be remembered.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

BY JOHN B. HARWOOD.

CHAPTER XXXV.—MAN AND WIFE.

LOWNDES PLACE, Eaton Square, is a very respectable, and indeed fashionable place of residence; but, as regards its outlook and general surroundings, it is a little dull. The square of which it is an adjunct is so far off that ingenious country cousins wonder, sometimes, what can be the connection between the two. The very houses have a slack-baked look, as if the stucco were damp and raw, and organ-grinders, fern-sellers, and noisy vendors of hearthstones and Bath-bricks, working-cutlers, and ballad-singers, riot there unchecked by the police. Yet the rents and the rates in Lowndes Place, Eaton Square, are believed to be high, and the houses are tenanted by occupiers of a very superior description—retired Indian generals, junior partners in West End banks, fundholders, and married Civil Servants of Her Majesty's government. Only at No. 6 could furnished apartments be found, and at the door of No. 6, with the knocker raised in his right hand, yet hesitating to knock, stood tall, lithe, and sun-bronzed Chinese Jack.

It was very rare for Chinese Jack to hesitate. He did so now, and there was something significant in his attitude as he thus stood, keeping the knocker poised between his deft, strong fingers, as though it were a blazing linstock, one touch of which would fire a train of ready gunpowder and blow up the magazine. Standing so near the door that he was himself screened from observation on the part of any person who might be peering from the windows, the lately returned exile took a comprehensive survey of the aspect of Lowndes Place. 'About the last sort of nook,' he muttered to himself under the shelter of his thick moustache, 'in which one would expect to find a foreigner domiciled. And therefore, as things always do turn out contrary to what one expects, here she lives. But Louise was always an enigma, even to me—even to me,' he added softly, and with a curious sort of smile on his flexible lips.

It may be remembered that when Chinese Jack, or Captain Rollington, as it pleased him to be

called, paid his first visit to the Private Inquiry Office and intrusted Silas Melville with the task of discovering the whereabouts of Countess Louise de Lalouve, and, by proxy of one of his satellites, dogging her footsteps through London, he had spoken of the first part of the enterprise as an easy one. Madame de Lalouve had not just then any especial motive for concealing her address, while she was pretty certain to be heard of at the Russian Embassy. That she lived in Lowndes Place had been ascertained long ago. But this was the first time that Chinese Jack had deemed it expedient or prudent to present himself in person on her doorstep. After a brief pause, he knocked. The door was opened by a stout man, dressed in black, wearing a white cravat, and with 'butler' written as plainly on his broad face as if it had been tattooed there in Roman characters. Retired man-servants who marry the housekeeper, and do not set up in a public-house, are pretty sure to let lodgings and to play henceforth at being the attached family retainers of the birds of passage who roost beneath their roof. 'Madam,' said the landlord of No. 6, 'is at home, I think.—What name, sir, shall I say?'

'You had better say a gentleman from abroad,' returned the visitor, speaking with a slightly foreign accent. 'Or, stay,' he blandly added, as he saw a shade come over the ex-butler's brow, for nothing so much arouses suspicion in a Londoner's breast, especially if a servant, as any hesitation as to giving a name, 'stay—you had better announce me, at once, as the Chevalier Rollingston. Madame knows me *de longue main*, and my appearance will be a pleasant surprise.'

The ex-butler made a butler's bow, and preceded the visitor up-stairs. Chinese Jack was careful to follow quickly on his heels. What he had schemed for was to obtain the interview he sought without parley and delay, or possible stubbornness on the part of his hostess. Once he got in, he could trust to his own well-practised skill to become master of the situation. And now he should get in, and what was more, his entrance would really be as sudden as though, like a fiend on the stage, he could have risen through a trap, encompassed by a lurid glow of red or blue fire. He knew perfectly well that the landlord could never pronounce the name of the Chevalier Rollingston, mouthed as it had been with ultra Gallic oiliness of diction, and would content himself with uttering some conventional parody on the mysterious sounds. So it proved. Madame de Lalouve was writing at a side-table. She lifted her head as the landlord opened the door and murmured something unintelligible. A moment more, and the door was closed, and Chinese Jack stood, bowing, with grave politeness, in the middle of the room.

Madame de Lalouve was surely well used to the reception of visitors, even if unexpected visitors. Nor had Countess Louise any excuse to plead on the score of deficient toilet. The Russo-French woman was always dressed for the occasion. If her tightly fitting costume of olive green velvet and olive leaf-coloured gray silk, did not come from the *ateliers* of M. Worth, it was at least cut on Worth's lines, and by some pupil of that illustrious man-milliner. Her heavy black braids of hair were draped in statuesque fashion around her grandly shaped head. She wore few orna-

ments, but all were rich and solid. Altogether, she was a superb specimen of a woman of rank, of sense, of the world, and as such had made a profound impression on the minds of the butler-landlord, and the housekeeper-landlady, of No. 6 Lowndes Place, Eaton Square.

'Demon—wretch—from what fiery pit have you come, hateful man, to vex me!' exclaimed the Countess in queerest medley of languages, not as the words have been set down here, but with a vehement intermingling of French, English, German, which testified to the confusion of the speaker's wits. The Sphinx, in Egypt, Naples, Monaco, Paris, had been renowned for her strong nerves. They were shaken now. Chinese Jack grimly scored the first advantage to his own side in the struggle. But he knew the world, better than the cleverest woman can know it, and he knew her.

'My dear,' he said, quite affably, 'here am I—come back to you. After so many trials and sufferings, so much of the ups and downs of life, here we are again, reunited, never to be sundered more.' Chinese Jack spoke in French, and his accent was so Parisian, and his grammar so faultless and his manner so declamatory, that Parisians themselves would have taken him for an actor at a minor theatre, such as the Odéon, perhaps.—'A husband is a husband,' he added, after a pause.

Madame de Lalouve gathered herself up, like a serpent about to strike. 'Wretch, monster, traitor, demon!' she hissed out, showing her white teeth like a she-panther, while her right hand, like that of Lady Macbeth, clutched an airy dagger.

Chinese Jack surveyed her with unruffled composure. With her, of course, it was a bout of nerves, such as these sensitive Frenchwomen always have when a disagreeable thing occurs. Had she been a slim, wasp-waisted little woman, of course she would have sunk shrieking into a chair, and kicked with her high-heeled shoes at the floor, for ten minutes or so. As it was, she looked as though she wanted to bite, and as though she would like to stab him. Chinese Jack had had experience of those who really tried both methods, but he had wrested the dagger away in one case, and avoided the teeth in the other. Here was a civilised foe, to be managed otherwise. 'My poor Louise,' he said, gently.

The adventurer was very well dressed. He was no longer the merchant captain whom Mrs Budgers of Jane Seymour Street was proud to lodge. His clothes were as well made as any Bond Street tailor could make them for a valued customer. Gloves, hat, necktie, cane, and trinkets were such as might befit a man of fashion and of taste. Chinese Jack knew women too well to neglect anything which a fair outside and the semblance of prosperity might insure. Madame de Lalouve seemed to have eyes for nothing but his face, yet he was perfectly convinced that she had criticised the cut of his coat and the style of his turquoise-headed scarf-pin. Presently she spoke, with a kind of sob, but more coherently. 'How, how,' she asked, 'had he dared to present himself before her, after his base, vile, odious, and perfidious conduct. Did he not know that she hated him?'

'I know nothing of the sort, my dear Louise,'

answered Chinese Jack, with unruffled urbanity. 'You are an ill-used angel, of course—so are all of your charming sex—and I am a monster. Yet I am your husband, my love; and husband and wife should pull together, especially when there is so big a fish to haul ashore as the fortune to be made out of this Leominster business. Nay, never open those fine eyes, my dear, as if I had astonished even you. When there is so much to get, of course there are many fingers in the pie. But you and I, between us, might secure the daintiest and most toothsome morsel. Yes, I, too, as well as yourself, have a hankering for the flesh-pots of Egypt, or at least for the harvest to be reaped by those who were on board the good ship *Cyprus*, homeward bound, when Countess Louise and her interesting young friends were passengers.'

'You were not on board of her,' said the Countess decisively.

'Wasn't I?' retorted Chinese Jack, with his peculiar smile, and with a flash of those glittering eyes of his, at sight of which even Madame de Lalouve winced. 'That remains to be proved when I give evidence at Marchbury assizes. Yes, I was there. Come, Countess, I know what I know, and you know what you have done, and very clever of you too. I also am mixed up in the affair, and I begin to feel as though, hitherto, I had made a mistake in backing the side I did. The gold-mine, I suspect, is in Bruton Street, not at Leominster House; or you, Louise, would not have espoused what seemed at first a beaten cause.'

'I am for truth—and the right,' sententially answered Madame de Lalouve, opening her eyes very wide.

'Still the same Louise as ever,' said Chinese Jack, with a light laugh. 'Come, come, my dear, you and I are people of the world, and need not, when alone together, declaim to the gallery, as French actors say. Injured innocence is all very well when there is a fortune to be made by befriending it, and iniquity is hateful when niggard of blackmail. *Allons!* it must be peace or war between us two, and, for both our sakes, it had better be a strict alliance, offensive and defensive. Let us sit down, and talk coolly.'

A wicked man has this much advantage over a wicked woman, that he usually sees, as it were, not merely through but round her, and surveys her position from a loftier stand-point. He is benefited, too, by the masculine habit of speaking out, instead of suppressing a portion of what he would fain say, as custom and timidity induce women to do. And then Madame de Lalouve, fearless in general, had always been a trifle afraid of her husband, the only man who seemed to read her like a book. So, somewhat to her own surprise, she obeyed, and reseated herself, while Chinese Jack drew up his chair, and soon this strange couple were chatting on friendly terms.

The conversation of Chinese Jack and of Madame de Lalouve turned almost exclusively on business matters, and had reference to the Leominster case and the disputed identity of the two sisters. After a little while, during which the Countess devoted herself to ascertaining that her long-lost husband really did know something, beyond what mere rumour might have told him, of the affair in hand, the talk of the lately

reunited pair became confidential, and almost cordial.

'*Malin*, who would have dreamed that you, of all the men in the world, should have been behind the boat, when Mademoiselle Cora and I discussed our little projects, so guilelessly, on the wet deck of the *Cyprus*, on the morning after the storm! Had I but caught a glimpse of you on board, rely on it, I should have redoubled my precautions,' said Madame, with playful reproach.

'My bare feet made no noise, and my turban and my garb constituted a disguise that few, with eyes less piercing than yours, my Louise, could have penetrated. You are sure about the proof that you have hinted at to me, and which I too, as you are aware, can confirm by evidence within the reach of none but myself now living?'

'Yes, I am quite sure,' said Madame de Lalouve; 'and, in addition to this, I have—here under this roof, here in this very house, the lady's-maid who accompanied Miladi and her sister to Egypt, and returned with them to England.'

'A lady's-maid, especially a discharged one'—began Chinese Jack, shaking his head in disparagement.

'She was not discharged—she voluntarily, at my persuasion, gave up service at Leominster House, and came to me,' said the Countess, a little nettled. 'Five hundred pounds, which I have promised, are as a dream of untold riches to her, who wants to marry some one she knows, and set up a shop. Rely on it, she can be very useful at the hour of need.'

'And you really believe the tenth of a million, or anything like that enormous sum, will be forthcoming, in the event of success?' asked Chinese Jack half carelessly.

Of that, Madame was quite convinced. Sir Pagan's sister in Bruton Street was splendidly generous by nature. And she would keep her word.

'With such a sum as that, my own Louise, and your knowledge, and mine, of financiers, Jewish and Christian, and of the world, *ciel!* how you and I could play on the Bourse of Paris, and the Stock Exchange of London, as on the keys of a piano,' said this model husband, as he kissed his wife, and took his leave. 'Here is my card,' he said, as he put it into her hand; '*Budgers's Hotel* is but a mean place, and, as you observe, I am the Capitaine, and not the Chevalier. Rollington, as I told you, *chérie*, when I was a bachelor, was my mother's name, and I bear it now. My true name, which is yours, Countess, we will keep dark, if you please, till the trial comes on, or the money is earned. And so, my sweet, *au revoir!*'

WORKMEN'S HOMES AND PUBLIC-HOUSES.

BY A LONDON ARTISAN.

WHEN such huge organisations as the United Kingdom Alliance and the Order of Good Templars go on working with unflagging energy year after year, and still gin-palaces thrive, principally on the patronage of the working-classes, the student of social problems may well ask himself the question: Are the enthusiastic advocates of Permissive Bills and total abstinence working in the right direction? They deplore

the evils that exist; and their united intelligence has suggested the simple panacea of abstinence. Unfortunately, simple remedies are not always capable of conquering virulent diseases. To the drunkard; to the man or woman who perhaps has been driven to find forgetfulness in drink by trouble and sorrow such as few of those who talk of temperance in comfortable armchairs have ever known; to the man or woman who has drunk to excess for many years, until the craving for drink has become as uncontrollable as the ambition of a Napoleon or the patriotic frenzy of a Louise Michel—to such as these, the temperance advocate offers his panacea of total abstinence. To the working-man who is not an habitual drunkard, but who spends too much time and money in the public-house, the apostle of temperance appeals with the same cry: 'Give up the drink.'

To any unprejudiced observer with an intimate knowledge of the inner life of our working-classes, such advice savours of thoughtlessness, even if it does not betray a want of heart. Men who are penned up in close workshops from morning until night are—to their credit, be it said—not devoid of social feeling. They love to mix with their fellows when the day's work is over; to exchange ideas; to relate experiences; to give a certain amount of publicity to thoughts that appear to them of value. This yearning for social intercourse exists among all classes; but in the facilities for satisfying it, some are more favoured than others. The rich man is able to enjoy the pleasures of congenial society at his own house, at his club, or at the houses and clubs of his associates. The poorer classes of our great cities are not so fortunate. To most of them, home is far too uncomfortable a place for a friendly chat with a mate from the workshop. Home often means one small room in an evil-smelling house, scantily furnished, minus comfort, plus baby's cries. The one being who alone could make even such unpromising surroundings as these bright and happy, may happen, through lack of education and moral training, to be totally incapable of properly fulfilling the offices of wife and mother.

This is no unjust, sweeping condemnation of the wives of the working-classes. Many of them possess qualities of devotion, courage, and perseverance which, if they were only properly trained 'when the heart is young,' would make the workaday world much happier than it is at present. But the majority of them are slaves to their scrubbing-brush and needle; they clean and mend in season and out of season; they are always complaining that their work is never done. And that is just where the mischief comes in. The woman never knows when to change her rôle of housewife for that of the loving friend and companion of her husband. She is capable, perhaps, of sewing on shirt-buttons with dexterity, and can hold her own against most of her sex in the manufacture of steak-puddings; but she would as readily think of attempting to square the circle as to intelligently discuss with her husband the particular political or social problem that to him is of vital interest. He may leave off work at night feeling that nothing would be more enjoyable than a chat with some congenial spirit over the latest phase of some agitated question, and knowing that his wife is the most unlikely

individual in the world to take an interest in any such matters, who can wonder at his turning into the public-house frequented by his fellows? The people who may be shocked at any attempt to excuse such an act, have perhaps never tried the experiment of working hard nine hours per day in an unsavoury workshop, and living with wife and family in one or two small rooms.

The large class of philanthropists, with fat cheque-books and benevolent hearts, who flatter themselves that they thoroughly understand the working-classes, have long since come to the conclusion—as mischievous as it is erroneous—that all the workmen in our great cities who spend too much time in public-houses are led to do so simply from a demoralising craving for drink. While those who have it in their power to help their poorer brethren are content to labour with such a hypothesis constantly before them, they will find it impossible to do much real good. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link. A few thousands of men, women, and children may be induced to sign pledge-cards, don pieces of blue ribbon, and abstain from all intoxicating drinks, and tobacco too; but these examples of sobriety will pose in vain before their fellows while the keystone of industrial life, the workman's home, retains its present unattractiveness. The home and the family circle should be the fountain from which all life's happiness and joy should flow. All pleasant associations should be connected therewith; it should be the centre of each man's little universe, however humble his position in life may be. How can it ever be so, while it consists of one or two close, inconvenient rooms in a too thickly populated street, court, or alley? So long as the workman's home is what it is at present, so long will public-houses find plenty of customers.

The ranks of the Temperance party are filled with earnest, well-meaning men and women, capable of doing good work for their fellows: let them cast aside their Partingtonian mops of pledge-cards and blue ribbons with which they now strive to sweep back an ocean of misery; let them wade out into the deep, and build up breakwaters that shall defy the beating of every social storm. One well-appointed coffee-palace, and one block of pleasant, convenient, soundly-built dwellings, are worth ten thousand platform speeches and a million testimonials to the evil influences of alcohol. If the energy now used in condemning 'beer and baccy' were turned in the direction of training young girls to become thrifty, prudent, intelligent wives, the millennium of a sober nation would be the nearer at hand, and we might live to see the wives of working-men the ministering angels of their little homes, and not merely household drudges.

The members of the Temperance party too frequently confound causes with effects. They bewail the fact that so many young men, and even boys, spend great part of their leisure in public-houses, and to remedy the evil, they cry: 'Down with the licensed victuallers!' But the cause of young men and boys drinking more than is good for them is not to be found in the public-house, but in their homes. If home was an attractive place, where an apprentice might invite his fellow to spend an evening with him, where the mother and father would be found willing to do all in

their power to entertain the visitor, the young man would certainly not prefer to stand in a noisy, uncomfortable bar, and imbibe beer and spirits at the expense of the little pocket-money his parents can afford to give him. Unfortunately, the father entertains his friends in the tavern because of the uncongenial atmosphere of home, and the sons follow his example. Would the closing of public-houses put an end to this sad state of affairs? Every practical man whose judgment on the subject is unbiased, knows that worse evils would arise. The demand for drink would still exist; and not all the vigilance possible on the part of officials would prevent a dozen sly drinking saloons springing up in the place of every public-house. The people who pin their faith on what is termed permissive legislation have yet to learn that it is one thing to put difficulties in the way of obtaining drink, and another thing altogether to teach a nation habits of sobriety—to destroy the social ulcers that drive men and women to obtain drink at any inconvenience to themselves.

Many clergymen of all denominations are doing practical temperance work in providing the people in their respective districts with a good musical entertainment at least one night every week. They might, however, do much more. There are few churches and chapels that are without a decent-sized room, disengaged on week evenings. Or, there are the school-houses. Why are such not thrown open in opposition to the uncomfortable gin-palaces and public-houses? A good fire in the winter, and a supply of newspapers and magazines, would not break the purses of the community. A cup of coffee, fit to drink—the decoction sold at most of the London coffee-palaces is unfit for man or beast—might be supplied for the price of half a pint of beer; and many a man who only wastes his hard-earned money at a public-house because he has to go there if he wishes to have an hour's gossip with a friend, would hail with delight such a loophole for escape from habits which have long since become distasteful. Of course, such a suggestion will meet with nothing but contempt from the large class of philanthropists who firmly believe that working-men frequent public-houses simply for drinking's sake; but it is to be hoped that a few who are not quite convinced that the working-classes are hopelessly depraved, will attempt the experiment.

But what about habitual drunkards? Is it too much to hope for, that when these find their more moderate companions visiting the public-house less frequently, they, too, would wend their way to such little social halls as might be thrown open in every parish and village in the kingdom? And after all, it must not be forgot, that habitual drunkards are but a small minority of the population, and useful reforms need not be set aside simply because they do not meet the case of this small but unfortunate class.

If the clergy and the Temperance party, who have it in their power to do real good, would only recognise the fact that the drinking habits of the masses are mainly an effect and not a cause, the redemption of the thriftless, the thoughtless, and the demoralised, might be effected even in our own time. The energy now devoted to abusing the liquor traffic and inducing men, women, and even children, to sign pledge-cards should be turned

into a more practical channel. If the advocates of temperance wish to see the people leading moral, sober, thoughtful, useful lives, they must bring all their zeal, earnestness, and enthusiasm to bear in the direction of providing every family with a shelter less like a dungeon, and more like a sweet, lovable home than the majority have to 'pig it' in at present. Above all, let them take the young women of our great towns in hand, and teach them the duties of wife and mother; strive to imbue their minds with loftier ideas of marriage than they now possess; instruct them in the arts of making home a place of happiness and comfort, however humble it may be. Leave the idle cursing of strong drink to those who are capable of no higher task; but let each noble soul who has the welfare of his fellow men and women at heart devote himself to some practical temperance work, for until the home-life of our workmen is improved, the liquor traffic will flourish.

POOR LITTLE LIFE.

A FAMILY EPISODE.

Poor little life, that toddles half an hour
Crowned with a flower or two, and there an end.

I.

PERCHED on the lofty watch-tower of the Company's wharf, Kingston, Jamaica, 'Sir Lord Nelson Esquire' had been occupied since daylight in looking out for the English steamer. The owner of this self-bestowed and patrician appellation was an old negro of uncertain age, with leathery skin, grizzled wool, bandy legs, and bare feet, and whose powers of vision verged on the miraculous. Long before the steamer was visible to the most experienced nautical eye armed with one of Dollond's best glasses, Lord Nelson had seen the tips of her masts rising above the horizon. Nay, it was popularly supposed that before she was actually visible even to him, he was able to prognosticate her approach by certain signs in the sky itself, whose secret he guarded as if it had been hidden treasure.

'Coming, boy?' inquired the clerk at the foot of the scaffolding.

'Yes, massa; him coming, fe true. Him pass Morant Point now, an' de passengers dey land at nine-thirty.'

'All right, then. Hoist the flag!'

And up went the red flag on the top of the Gazebo, giving notice to all Kingston that the anxiously expected *Rhone* was in the offing.

'Cho! dese steps is mos' distressful,' said the old negro, descending the ladder backwards.

'It's you that's getting old, Nelson!' said the clerk, shaking his head. 'A man can't live for ever, even an old sinner like you. Come down quickly, and go and tell Captain Roberts. You'll find the superintendent in his office.'

'Dat bery true, what you say, Massa De Souza,' retorted the negro with a grunt. 'But if you tink I is gwine to die to oblige you, sa, you is bery much mistaken. Hi! after my fader lib till he couldn't lib any longer, do you tink me is gwine to die, jus' because you say I is getting old. Cho! it 'tan too 'tupid.' And the old man, having thus clenched the argument, retired with many a sniff and snigger and chuckle of satisfaction to obey Mr De Souza's commands.

Seven miles away, in the upper piazza of one of the largest 'penns' in the Liguanea plains, a group of fair girls were seated over their morning coffee. Clad in loose white muslin dressing-gowns, with long dark hair floating over their shoulders, and sprigs of myrtle or oleander in their bosoms—chattering, yawning, indolent, and altogether delightful—they formed a charming picture of tropical grace and beauty.

'The flag's up!' cried Evelyn, suddenly starting to her feet. 'Mother!' she called to a lady extended on an Indian wicker-work chair in the inner apartment—'mother! the steamer's signalled. George will be here in about a couple of hours.'

There was an instant rush to the jalousies. The shutters were thrown open; glasses were produced; and the whole family, struggling, shouting, leaping, dancing in the wild frenzy of their excitement, craned their necks to catch the first glimpse of the eagerly-looked-for mail.

'Yes; there she is!' exclaimed Evelyn.

'Where?' cried Sibyl, the youngest of the trio, peering on tiptoe over her sister's shoulder.

'There—look! passing the Palisades. You can just see her smoke over the tops of the cocoa-nuts at the lighthouse.'

'No; it's only the mist,' said Eleanor.

'Mist? Nonsense! It's the steamer's smoke. —There! I told you so, Eleanor,' added Evelyn triumphantly, as the flash and the smoke of the signal-gun announced her arrival at Port-Royal.

'You've no time to lose, girls,' said Mrs Durham, approaching her daughters. 'Go and bathe and dress. I'll tell Tom to get the carriage, and you can all drive down and meet your cousin. I'll stay at home to welcome him to Prospect Gardens. You will make my excuses for not coming to meet him. But the drive in the sun would knock me up for a week; and besides, you know there would not be room for all of us.—Now, Evelyn, you are the eldest. Try and keep these riotous sisters of yours in order.—And, children, mind your cousin has no sisters of his own, and is not accustomed to the madcap ways of three witless pickles of girls.'

'All right, mother!' said Evelyn, with a saucy toss of her head. 'I won't disgrace the family, never fear. I'll be dignity and discretion itself. I'll be as stately as Lady Longton when she's receiving company at a Queen's House Ball; and if he offers to kiss me, I'll hold up my fan and say: "O fie! you naughty man!"'

'But she'll let him do it, all the same,' added Eleanor.

'Go along with you, you silly girls! You'll be too late, if you don't be off to your bath at once; and acting on their mother's monition, the three bright maidens flew down the marble steps and across the courtyard to the bathing-house, and were soon all three splashing and swimming and laughing amidst the cool and crystal water.

Mrs Durham of Prospect Gardens was the widow of a high official in the colony. Her husband had been Attorney-general of Jamaica at a time when that office was even of more importance and influence than it is now. Herself a Creole—a person born in the West Indies, without reference to what are called in Jamaica 'complexional' distinctions—and belonging to one of

the oldest families in the colony, she still retained much of the pride, perhaps more of the prejudices of the old plantocracy; the haughtiest, the most conservative, and the least pliable of aristocracies, yet, notwithstanding all its faults and shortcomings, one of the most generous and the most ill-used. But the influence of her husband—an Englishman—had toned down some of the more conspicuous of these prejudices; at anyrate, it had eradicated from her mind that jealousy of imperial influence and imperial institutions, which was, and perhaps still is, one of the most obstinate obstacles to the prosperity of the colony. She had frankly accepted the new constitution, when in 1866 that 'unutterable abomination,' the House of Assembly, had decreed its own extinction. She had sided with the adherents of Governor Eyre during all the long and bitter struggle which had succeeded the suppression of the so-called Jamaica rebellion. She had extended the hand of hospitality to the succession of governors, colonial secretaries, judges, and officials of all grades who had been imported into the colony from England, with the happy result that she had consolidated her social influence and established her social position upon a basis which preserved for her the respect of all but the most irreconcilable Creoles, while it procured for her the esteem and the friendship of all the inner circle of the administrators of the new régime. Hence an introduction to Prospect Gardens not only secured to the favoured stranger the *entrée* to the best society in the colony, but opened to him the door of one of the pleasantest houses in new Jamaica.

The late Attorney-general had been a man of very considerable means. He was also well connected. His elder brother, Sir George Durham of Deepdale, was one of the largest proprietors in the west of England. But the baronet had died within a year of his brother; and the title was now held by his son and only child, whose arrival it was that the family at Prospect Gardens were now expecting with such noisy demonstrations of delight. He had come out to spend Christmas with his cousins, and to make the acquaintance of his aunt, whom he had never seen. To Evelyn he was already known; for Evelyn had been at school in England, and her holidays had been spent at Deepdale. But two years had elapsed since she had returned to Jamaica; and within these two years, the thin, delicate slip of a girl, whom George was accustomed to tease and torment all through the summer day, had expanded into a lovely and elegant woman, whose powers of inflicting torture on the other sex were at least equal to his own.

As for Eleanor and Sibyl, they shared their sister's beauty, without perhaps sharing her peculiar sunniness of disposition. They were at that objectionable age when the child has not yet become a woman. Eleanor was fourteen, Sibyl was nearly twelve. They had all the inconvenient outspokenness of children, and all the coquetry of more advanced years. They were adepts in the theory, though not in the practice of flirtation. But they were full of promise, and bade fair to be in due time, like other true and charming women, at once the delight and the torment of the opposite sex.

Certainly, when the three fair girls, in the bewitching light attire of tropical climes, armed with fans and parasols and green veils to protect them from the vertical sun, had been packed into the family coach, their mother might be pardoned the sigh of satisfaction with which she regarded her children, as they drove down the long avenue of mango and tamarind trees on their way to town. 'They would be thought beauties even in England,' she said to herself; 'and they're as good as they are pretty. Now, if George'—But she did not finish her sentence. She smiled, and shook her head sadly, and returned to the house to give orders for the preparation of her nephew's breakfast.

'I wonder if George will recognise us?' said Eleanor, as the carriage rolled into the grimy courtyard of the Company's wharf.

'Recognise us!' said Evelyn. 'Recognise me, you mean. I'm the only one of the family he has ever seen; and besides, you don't suppose he would take the trouble to notice such chits as you! But keep your eyes about you, girls! Look out for the handsomest young man you ever saw—even in your dreams; with blue eyes and a fair moustache. I hope we're in time. The passengers have begun to leave the ship already. Look! there's some of them having their luggage examined at the custom-house shed.'

Down they came from the landing-stage, one after another, in a continuous stream—passengers male and female, young and old, white, black, brown, and yellow—English and Creoles, Cubans and Yankees, 'true Barbadians born,' Jews and Gentiles—a variegated and cosmopolitan crowd. Grinning negroes shouldering portmanteaus; Englishwomen laden with handbags and flower-pots; one or two coloured clergymen tricked out after the latest fashion of High-Church man-millinery; Cuban ladies with lace mantillas on their heads, clamping along on shoes whose high heels clattered like patters; half-a-dozen planters or so with black alpaca coats and bearded faces; a few young men of the Howell and James type, come out to be 'assistants' in some Kingston store; a couple or more stolid, square-faced, sandy-haired Scotch book-keepers, consigned to sugar-estates in Trelawney or St Ann's; and the ubiquitous, travelling English member of parliament, spectacled and aggressive, determined to investigate to its hidden depths the whole bearings of the intricate Colonial question. But no George, nor any one that looked like George.

Already the work of coaling the steamer had begun; and a long line of men and women, coal-'boys' and coal-'girls'—black as the coals they carried, chanting a wild recitative, and walking with that peculiar dorsal swing which is characteristic of the black race all over the world—were trooping up the gangway, to empty their baskets into the hold.

Still no George, nor any one that looked like him.

At last, when the patience of the girls was all but exhausted, and their spirits had sunk to zero, there appeared on the landing-stage an unmistakable Englishman. He was young—about four or five and twenty. He was dressed in light tweeds. He had a pair of tan-coloured gloves on his hands. He wore a short, trim beard, of a shade between gold and auburn; and in

defiance of all the Company's regulations, he was smoking a cigarette. A bedroom steward at his heels carried a portmanteau and a travelling-bag. He sauntered slowly down the stage and across the courtyard to the shed where the custom-house officers were at work upon the passengers' luggage. As he passed the Durhams' carriage without even so much as a glance at its fair occupants, Evelyn muttered a timid 'George!' but he took no notice, and held on his leisurely way.

'If that isn't George, I'll eat him!' cried Evelyn in her vexation.

'Look, sissy!' said Sibyl; 'there's the steward with his luggage; and see, it *is* George! There are his initials, G. D., on his handbag.'

'O please!' said Evelyn to a white-coated constable who happened to be standing near her, 'run after that gentleman and tell him to come here. I want to speak to him. Look! he is just going out through the gateway.'

'Yes, miss,' said the constable, saluting, and starting off at the double.—'You, sa! Hi! you, sa! Lor! him don't hear me. Hi! you, sa!'

The gentleman turned, and waited till the constable made up to him.

'Well, what is it?' he inquired.

'You see dem missy in dat buggy, ya!' he said, pointing to the Durhams' carriage.

'Well?'

'Dey want speak wid you; dat's all!'

Sir George turned sharply round, and throwing away his cigarette, approached the carriage. 'By Jove! it can't be—Evelyn!' he said.

'Yes; it is I, George.—And here's Eleanor; and this is Sibyl.'

And then handshakings commenced all round, and a series of cousinly salutes, which the girls submitted to with equanimity.

'But he kissed Evelyn twice for our once,' said Sibyl to Eleanor afterwards.

'I told you she wouldn't object,' remarked her sister.

'And as for me, I had never any intention of objecting,' remarked Sibyl.

'O you; you're a child; it doesn't matter for you. But Evelyn—humph! I'll have to keep my eye upon her!'

'Tom has engaged a dray for your luggage, George,' said Evelyn, after these preliminaries had been adjusted. 'Here's one of the clerks coming with your keys. Mannie—that's one of our boys, George; that whity-brown nigger over there with a white puggree round his wide-awake—will come out with it. It will be at the penn almost as soon as we are.—Tom!' she added, addressing the coachman, 'have you got the ice from the ice-house?'

'Yes, missis.'

'And the pine-apple and the naseberries?'

'Hi! yes, missis. Dem all in dere;' pointing to the boot of the carriage.

'Very well. Tell Mannie to call at the post-office for the letters. And that's all, I think. Let us go home.'

Never had George enjoyed a merrier or a more interesting drive. Everything was new to him, everything was strange to him. He did not know which interested him most, his winsome companions, with their ceaseless flow of musical chatter, and all their bright, happy, girlish,

cousinly ways; the beauty of the crumpled, verdure-covered hills; the graceful forms of the tropical vegetation; the quaintness of the gaily-painted, jalousied, toy-like wooden houses; the street scenes; the broad grins, merry faces, and marvellous get-up of the peasantry. He told Evelyn it made him think he was looking through a kaleidoscope, so sudden were the changes, so brilliant the combinations of colour which met his gaze at every moment.

'I did not believe there were so many niggers in the world,' he remarked, as the carriage drove slowly past the entrance to the Sollas market, and looking in through the open gateway, he saw the busy, noisy, chaffering crowd, packed as close as herrings in a barrel.

'What! does the heathen Chinese live in Jamaica!' he exclaimed, as a blue-jacketed, pig-tailed, grave, and ginger-coloured Celestial bowed his way through the throng.

'Lots!' said Evelyn. 'They keep all the little shops in this part of the town; and when they have saved up money enough, they die; and their friends pack them up in boxes, and send them home to China to be buried.'

'And Coolies too, I see!'

'Yes, any number. The estates couldn't do without them; and as for us, we should have no gardens, if we had not them to rely on as gardeners.—But here we are at the Racecourse at last. What a relief to be out of that hot, nasty, dusty town.'

'Is there anything going on to-day?' asked Sir George, astonished at the number of vehicles he met on the road.

'It is market-day. That accounts for our meeting so many of the country-people.'

'But all these carriages.'

'Oh, it's only our swells—officials and judges and merchants and shopkeepers—going down to Kingston from their country-houses to their work. No one that can afford it lives in town, you know. We all live at penns—that is, country-houses, in the hills or in the plains at the foot. Look! that is Queen's House you can just see through the trees. That big white house, that looks as if it were right at the foot of the hills, though it's a long way off, is Longwood, where the Colonial Secretary lives; and that one a little to the right, standing on a slight elevation, is Prospect Gardens'—

'And that's our house,' interjected Sibyl.

George here diverted the conversation by inquiring who was the swell with the red liveries, whose carriage, enveloped in an accompanying cloud of dust, was rapidly approaching them.

'Oh, that is the Governor,' said Evelyn; 'and Lady Longton is with him. He's not popular; neither is she. But Lady Longton is very nice to her friends, and dresses beautifully; only some days, you know, she has no backbone, and does not seem as if she could be bothered with callers or company. But Captain Hillyard, the aide-de-camp, is a dear man, and so good-looking! And then he's so clever too. He sings beautifully, and can do all sorts of conjuring tricks; and he draws the funniest caricatures you ever saw. He did one the other day of Sir William drawing a cork. It made Lady Longton laugh till I thought she was going to take a fit. Oh, speak of angels—there he is! see!—riding down after the

Governor's carriage with little Maud Longton. There must be a Council or something going on to-day; that accounts for our meeting so many swells all together. You'll have to leave your card at Queen's House, George. You ought to do it this afternoon; that's the etiquette, you know. But if you're very tired, I daresay it will do on Monday.'

They had branched off from the main-road now, and were driving along a shady lane, edged with a hedge of prickly-pear, over which trailed wreaths of graceful creepers—*convolvuli* and *ipomæas*, the liquorice vine, and the Circassian bean. Negro huts lined the road; and at the doors, amongst the pigs and the goats and the poultry, gambolled the little black obese picknies, sucking huge joints of sugar-cane, and saluting the occupants of the carriage with the broadest of grins upon their ebony faces.

'Look here, Cousin George,' said Sibyl, pointing out a low one-storied building with an open piazza, and a great guinea-tree covering it like a huge umbrella—'that is one of our grog-shops. You can buy rum there and bitter beer, and soap and paraffin oil and salt fish. You see that group of draymen at its side; they are playing nine-holes, and the man that loses will have to stand *quattie* drinks all round.'

'What is a *quattie* drink?' inquired her cousin.

'Not know what a *quattie* drink is, George?' said Sibyl. 'A *quattie* is a penny-halfpenny.'

'And the smallest coin the negroes acknowledge,' added Evelyn. 'They won't use the new nickel pennies and halfpennies at all; so the shopkeepers sell them a halfpenny-worth of soap, and charge them three-halfpence for it; and that's very convenient for the shopkeepers.—Look, George; that is a *quattie*,' she added, taking a tiny silver coin from her purse; 'and a very pretty little thing it is too.'

'It must be a very expensive country to live in,' replied George, 'if everything is paid for in the same proportion.'

'Well, not exactly. Of course, you pay a dollar for things you could get at home for one or two shillings. But then you get lots of things so cheap—meat and fish and turtle and poultry and vegetables; and that makes up for it, you know. But see!—here we are at the foot of the avenue, and there's Prospect Gardens. You can just see the shingled roof of the house through the trees.'

'If you will stand up, you can see one of the windows; and that's my room, George!' added Sibyl proudly.

THE ADVANTAGES OF KEEPING GOATS.

To get milk for nothing is not perhaps possible, except in countries where the 'cow-tree' grows in forests; but many folks, as we hope to show, might have milk for only a little trouble. Any one who has a garden of even small extent may have milk for a trifling preliminary outlay. Of course, labour and money are convertible terms, and in that sense all must pay for what they get. Still, hundreds might have a supply of this almost necessary food for next to nothing.

Wherever milk is used plentifully, there the

children grow into robust men and women. Wherever its place is usurped by tea, we have degeneracy swift and certain. Dr Ferguson, a factory surgeon, who has devoted a large share of attention to this subject, has ascertained from careful measurements of numerous factory children, that, between thirteen and fourteen years, they grow nearly four times as fast on milk for breakfast and supper as on tea and coffee—a fact which shows the benefits of proper diet. No diet is so suitable for growing children as well-cooked oatmeal porridge and milk, long the staple food in Scotch families, but now, in many instances, abandoned for diet very much inferior. Owing to its easy digestibility, it is of equal benefit to invalids, and more especially dyspeptics, who often regain health and pick up flesh at a wonderfully rapid rate on milk, or milk and good bread.

Milk may always be had in towns by those able to pay for it; but not always in the country, especially in winter. In consequence, country children among the labouring classes are in many cases not so well fed as they might be. This might be changed if the advantages of goat-keeping were generally known and acted upon. Some people have a prejudice against goats' milk, just as Scotch people have against eels, and perhaps this is one reason why so few goats are kept. Excepting that goats' milk is considerably richer than that of cows, there is no difference in appearance or taste; and this difference can be rectified by a liberal addition of water, for one quart of goats' milk is equal to one and a half of cows'.

Good as cows' milk is for children and invalids, the milk of the goat is much better; and it often happens that persons will thrive and grow strong on the latter, who could not digest the former. For this reason, goats' milk is largely prescribed by the faculty, and would be more so if it were more plentiful. So much in demand is it for children and invalids, and so limited is the supply, that it commands in London from two shillings and sixpence to five shillings a quart. Dr Pye Chavasse, in his *Advice to a Mother*, says: 'The finest, healthiest children are those who, for the first four or five years of their lives are fed principally upon it.' He also states that asses' milk is more valuable for delicate infants; goats' milk, for strong ones. Dr Wilson, in a lecture before the Society of Arts, said: 'I say nothing regarding wet-nursing, because I am strongly of opinion that, should the mother be unfit to nurse her child, a trial ought to be made, first of all, of artificial feeding.' Again: 'The great advantage of using goats' milk is that, even in towns, the animal may be brought to the house, and the freshness and genuineness of the milk thus be put beyond question.' Most people are aware that doctors prescribe the milk of one animal only; but only the few are aware of the frequently disastrous consequences which follow the

ignoring of this rule. In truth, to the majority of people, its observance is an impossibility. But when the milk of the goat is used, no difficulty need occur on this point. Mr Holms Pegler, the highest authority on the subject, says that goats' milk is so much richer than cows' milk, that 'in tea or coffee it may be taken for cream; in cakes or puddings, it reduces the needful quantity, if, indeed, it does not entirely take the place, of eggs; and, finally, it goes much further, and is easier of digestion, than that supplied by the milkman.' When to these advantages of goat-keeping we add that hardly any other animal will thrive on so many different and even inferior kinds of food, we have surely made out a strong reason why goats should be more numerous kept, and their milk supplied to townspeople as regularly as that of the cow.

Possibly, it might not pay farmers to keep goats, and perhaps this is one reason why they have been neglected while every other breed of domestic animal was being improved. We understand, however, that a trial is being made in the south of England, which will prove whether it is worth a farmer's while taking to the keeping of goats; and in the meantime we would advocate the pursuit among cottagers and others whose accommodation for ordinary stock may be too limited for keeping even the smallest of cows. As to whether it will pay a country labourer to keep one or two goats, there can be no doubt at all, if he only possesses a small garden, and has access to a piece of waste ground; for he will thereby be enabled materially to add to his income whether he use or sell the milk.

A good deal depends on the kind of goat, whether goat-keeping will be a failure or not. Scotch goats, compared with some other kinds, are hardly worth keeping. Irish goats, though not so neat and handsome as Scotch ones, are often found much superior as milkers; and as the former are often brought over from Ireland to this country in large flocks, opportunities frequently occur of securing a good goat for a pound, or even less. But an English goat, if from a good stock, surpasses both the Scotch and the Irish.

Some goats will barely give more than a quart of milk a day; but others, by careful breeding and selection, are so much improved as to yield four quarts. Such animals rank with the horses and cattle that bring fancy prices. A goat giving four quarts of milk daily would certainly bring ten pounds, if indeed the possessor would part with it. In England, there is a Society working for the improvement of the breed of goats, and also to secure to cottagers the benefits to be derived from keeping these animals. Philanthropists could hardly devise a better plan for 'helping the poor to help themselves' than by such means, and by bee-keeping. It is to be hoped that Scotland may no longer lag in the good race, but either establish a Goat and Bee

Society on her own account, or, better, in connection with those formed in England. Individual effort can do very little in matters of this kind; united effort can do much; and in few ways could our country gentlemen and clergymen better the condition of the poor so cheaply as by this means.

And not alone for its milk is the goat valuable; its skin furnishes us with kid-leather, and its flesh with food. Cashmere shawls are made from its fleece in India; and Captain Burnaby in his *Ride to Khiva* mentions shawls of goat-hair 'as fine as gossamer, that could be drawn through a finger-ring,' and yet are remarkably warm and of large size. Those from ordinary wool were, though very fine, much less elegant, and not nearly so beautiful. What kind of goat produced the fleece, we have no means of knowing, Captain Burnaby not having made any inquiries. Even in our own country, silk-like cloth of excellent quality has been made from goats' fleeces. The most noted goats for the production of mohair are the Thibet, Angora, and Cashmere; and some people are sanguine that we may yet bring to market a class of goat that will unite the best milking qualities with meat and mohair producing powers. It is possible, nay, likely, that when the goat gets the attention it deserves, we may have a new textile industry superior to every one but that of silk.

We now proceed to show how such results are to be secured at a merely nominal cost. First, we would observe that the goat, though a very hardy animal, is well worth being properly protected from the storms of summer and winter. This is hardly the place to give directions as to the best kind of house, or how to erect one. All we need say is, that the house should be large enough to allow of the attendant doing what is necessary without discomfort; that it should be dry and airy; that dry earth should be used as flooring, and firmly beaten down, so that it may act as a deodoriser as well as an absorbent of moisture; and that ventilation and light should be provided. A house with all these qualifications may be erected very cheaply in most country districts, where slabs of wood and sawdust can be had for walls, and straw, or even broom, for thatch. Even turf will do for walls. But make sure of comfort, and you will be repaid.

As for food, there is hardly any green thing a goat will not eat; indeed, it is rather too omnivorous; for if not tethered with a collar and short chain, it will eat the bark of any tree or bush it can reach, and so destroy it. As a substitute for this bark, of which it is very fond, it will accept and make a good meal of the hedge-prunings of beech and thorn. It is also exceedingly fond of the young growing points of gorse, which is a capital food for all kinds of cattle, as are the other members of the Leguminosae, in which are included peas, beans, lentils, vetches, and other plants—all noted as being among the most nutritious of vegetable substances. Indeed, gorse ranks high as a fodder-plant, and has been largely used for cattle-feeding. There is hardly a plant that grows

by the most neglected of country roads that the goat will not convert into milk. Even the grasses and herbs that grow on the most sandy and gravelly of soils, plants unfit for cows, will be greedily eaten by goats. There are not many country labourers that have not access to such food, which costs nothing. It is a statutory offence to graze any animal on the sides of public highways, though the grass may be gathered there; but the sides of farm and other private roads, as also railway slopes, bogs, commons, &c., are available for such purposes as we are now considering. The fodder to be obtained on roadsides is far from being in all cases poor; for ditches generally skirt such old roadsides, and as these ditches are often filled with the water from the manured fields adjacent, the grasses are fed with the essence of plant-food, and are consequently luxuriant and nutritious. Here the thrifty cottager may find grass enough to cut to serve for winter as well as summer provender. For bedding, the coarsest grasses, rushes, fern, or sedges, from bogs or river-sides, will do well; and with such a stock of fodder and bedding, coupled with garden and household waste, there need be no difficulty in the ordinary cottager keeping a goat, or even two; and this we advise, for the attendance and house accommodation are not much greater for two than for one. For a continuous supply of milk, one is insufficient.

As goats may be turned out with advantage every mild day in winter, a great store of hay is not needed. By judicious management, a small garden may be made to yield a large amount of food for goats; and to make the most of a garden, two crops should be taken yearly, and this may be done by following the directions below. Instead of planting ordinary potatoes late in spring, plant 'Beauty of Hebron' early, and manure heavily. Your goats will provide the manure. You will thus have an excellent crop of potatoes much earlier than usual—and that means money. As soon as they are fit for use, they should be dug up to make room for turnips. If food be scarce or the weather bad, it will be found that the goats will eat potato-tops readily. As soon as the potatoes are lifted, rich manure should be liberally forked into the surface, and 'Chirk Castle' turnip sown in rows, eighteen inches apart. This will be accomplished in July; but August is not too late. Turnips raised then will be of the best household quality; the tops will make good greens for the goats in winter, as will also the parings of those used in the house. The turnips will keep till March, when green food is scarce, and with the store of hay, potato-parings, cabbage-leaves, &c., will keep the goats in the best of provender. Pea-straw, if cut green, makes excellent fodder, and pea-shells are much relished by goats. Alternately with each cabbage, a bean should be planted, and, unless wanted in the house, will prove of great advantage in producing milk in winter. Besides beans and peas—oats, Indian corn, linseed and rape cakes, barley-dust, and indeed anything used for cattle-food, will, judiciously given, pay well. As the manure will enable the cottager to double his crops on even a large piece of ground, and as he may have a kid or two to dispose of annually, he will find his reward.

When goats' milk is plentiful, and no cows' milk to be got, he may often get a good price for the former. By this means the cottager will become a richer man; his home will be more comfortable, himself and children stronger; the individual benefited; and the community enriched. The best books we know on the subject are *The Book of the Goat*, price one shilling, and *The Advantages of Goat-keeping*, price sixpence (London: The Bazaar Office, Strand), in which all necessary information will be found, and which may be had from any bookseller.

THE WHEELWRIGHT OF SENNEVILLE.

A TALE OF NORMANDY.

It was not congenial weather for a walk when I started from Fécamp for the village of Senneville, upon a certain autumn afternoon. The sky was cloudy, the wind cold, and a drizzling rain beat in my face. The road to Senneville, ascending almost imperceptibly all the way, takes a zigzag direction among the hills, varying the scenery at every step. At one moment you are looking at a steep wooded slope, which you imagine will have to be climbed, but around which you gradually pass; at another moment, a deep valley meets the eye, with many valleys and hills beyond. Then, suddenly, without turning the head, you find yourself staring at the distant port of Fécamp far below; and then away out among the hills and the valleys once more.

The hills, on this autumn afternoon, were thinly veiled with a white mist, drifting inland before a strong sea-breeze. It was a mysterious sort of mist, which moved at a fixed level, never descending into the valleys, but sweeping always over them, and touching only the higher points of the land like a passing shroud. The reddening leaves upon the trees shivered and dripped and shivered again with a sound which seemed so melancholy, that I was fain to quicken my step, and look about for a house or some human being along the road, in order to remove the feeling of sadness which crept over me. But there are no houses to be seen along this route, only a chalet here and there half-hidden in a grove of fir-trees; and not a single person did I meet coming or going.

It was therefore with a sense of considerable relief that I presently came upon the broad highway, stretching straight as a dart across a flat extent of country, where isolated farms, surrounded snugly with trees, were to be seen looking like groves planted in well-defined squares. Some paces back from the road, close at hand, was the old village inn for which I was bound. Beside this *auberge* at Senneville, there are two or three cottages; and there is, between them and the inn, a wheelwright's house and shed. This group of buildings stands alone on the main road. The village, which is composed of scattered dwellings opposite to the inn across the fields, extends in the direction of the sea, above the cliff; but it is partially concealed behind trees where the church steeple rises up, the only prominent object on this misty afternoon.

As I approached the inn, and was passing the wheelwright's, I heard angry voices, as though in dispute, and as I came nearer, I saw two figures

standing within the shed: a young man, whom I recognised as the wheelwright; and a girl, the daughter of the *aubergiste* next door. The man had a forbidding face; and at this moment, when his small black eyes were flashing with anger, and his thick jaw firmly set, it was the face of an imp of darkness. He was short, almost dwarfish, and in his hand, with his powerful arm uplifted, he held a large hammer. 'Jealous!' said he, striking a heavy blow on the iron hoop of a wheel at which he was working. 'Have I not good reason to be jealous? He is always coming here.'

'That is not true, Faubert,' said the girl quickly; 'he seldom comes near Senneville.' She cast at the man an indignant glance, and her large eyes filled with tears.

'Ah,' said Faubert, with another heavy blow, 'I don't know that. You meet him—that's evident. I saw you at Fécamp, in the marketplace together, last Saturday. Is not that true, Marie?'

Marie folded her arms, and raising her handsome face, replied: 'What then? There is no harm in that.'

The wheelwright answered in a passionate tone, though too low for the words to reach me. At the same time he struck heavy blows upon the iron hoop one after another, in a manner which bore significance in every stroke. Then looking up, he caught sight of me, and his angry expression softened as he slightly raised his cap.

The girl turned and welcomed me with a smile struggling through her tears. 'Good-evening, Monsieur Parker,' said she. 'Come into the house, sir. You look cold.' She led the way as she spoke towards the *auberge*. I followed; the sound of the wheelwright's hammer still ringing in my ears as I stepped into the inn.

On the left-hand side of the entrance, there was a café, with wooden tables and chairs ranged round the walls, where I saw through the glass door some workmen, talking loudly, drinking, and playing dominoes. The room on the opposite side, which I now entered, was half-café, half-kitchen. A long table stood under the windows; and at the end of this table, nearest to the fire, was seated, with a cup of coffee and a glass of cognac at his elbow, a youth in a fur overcoat, with his legs stretched out towards the fire, smoking a cigar.

'Still raining, Marie?' said he, touching his small pointed moustache.

'Yes, Monsieur Léonard,' said Marie; 'still raining.'

He blew a cloud of smoke gracefully from his lips. 'Abominable!' said he, with a gesture of impatience.—'Is it not, Monsieur?'

I seated myself near him at the table. 'Do you return to Fécamp to-night?' I inquired.

Marie, who was stooping over the fire to serve me with coffee from an earthen pot upon the hearth, looked up into his face anxiously for the reply.

'Yes,' said he. 'The fact is, I must be back in Fécamp before seven o'clock. We have some old friends coming to dine with us; and,' he added, 'the worst of it is, I must walk.'

'Not pleasant,' said I. 'The night will be dark. The road is dangerous.'

'Dangerous?' said he, with surprise.

'Yes, Monsieur Léonard,' said the girl, pouring out my coffee; 'it is dangerous.'

'In what manner?' said he. 'I never heard of highway robbers in these parts.' He cast, as he spoke, an involuntary glance at a diamond ring which flashed on his little finger against the bright fire.

'I mean,' said I, concealing my thought, though half tempted to express it—'I mean that the road is not safe at night, because'—

'Because?' he repeated inquiringly.

I refrained, I know not why, from mentioning what I actually feared, though I seemed to see the wheelwright's angry face and to hear his passionate voice. 'Because,' I continued, 'the road winds about distractingly among the hills. One might easily step over the sides, which are steep, and so come to harm.'

He burst into a pleasant laugh at this answer.

It was a somewhat weak one, I confess. But if I told him my true reason for dissuading him from leaving the inn that night, he would, I thought, have laughed perhaps still louder; so I made no reply, though I followed Marie's uneasy glance towards the windows.

Without, it had grown almost dark; but the room, which was warmly lighted by the log-fire, was only in shadow near the walls. We sat smoking and sipping our coffee in silence.

Suddenly, Marie, turning her head towards a corner near the door, uttered a low cry. 'Faubert!' she exclaimed, 'is that you?'

The wheelwright was seated at a table near the entrance. We had not heard him come in. The light from the fire flashed across his dark face as he looked up quickly at Marie and said: 'Café noir.'

Marie hastened to supply the order. As she filled the little glass with brandy for his coffee, I thought her hand seemed to be trembling; certainly her face had a troubled look. As I was seated in a shadowy corner, I could regard the wheelwright without attracting his attention. I was tempted to observe him closely; for there was a cruel expression on his face. He did not once glance towards me. His dark angry eyes were fixed constantly upon the face of Monsieur Léonard, who sat with his back half turned towards him, looking thoughtfully into the fire. The wheelwright remained, however, only a few minutes. Finishing his coffee quickly, he went out of the house as quietly as he had entered it.

Meanwhile, Marie had lit the candles, and was moving about the kitchen, occupying herself in various ways, though with a remarkably serious face.

Presently, Monsieur Léonard rose from his seat and stood before the fire, buttoning his coat tightly round him. 'A light, if you please, Marie,' said he, selecting a cigar from his case.

Marie brought him one, her hand trembling very visibly now. 'What is the matter, Marie?' said Monsieur Léonard, gently placing his fingers round her wrist and looking earnestly into her face.

'Nothing,' said she, turning away—'nothing.'

He held out his hand to her, and said in a soft tone: 'Good-night, Marie.'

She went with him to the entrance of the *auberge*, and I thought that I saw him bend down

and kiss her; but it was dark out there, and I may have been mistaken. They spoke a few words together in a whispered tone; then Marie called her father, who was playing dominoes in the other café with his customers; and the *aubergiste* came and shook hands warmly with the young man, and stepped out into the road with him, after which Monsieur Léonard started off quickly and disappeared in the gloom; for it was night now, black night.

Taking a Fécamp newspaper from my pocket, I settled down to read, while Marie made preparations for the evening meal. The cheerful log-fire, in this old Normandy inn, blazing away in the centre of a large open chimney, was a picture which should have raised my spirits after the damp chilly walk which I had just had. But I could not regain my usual easy and contented state of mind. The forbidding and cruel countenance of the wheelwright troubled me more and more; the fierce blows of his hammer, his angry tone of voice, as he stood in the shed with the daughter of the *aubergiste* beside him, had aroused my worst suspicions. I had no confidence in the man; he appeared to me capable of committing crime.

At the back of this wide hearth, behind the blazing fire, was an iron tablet with two blackened figures in bas-relief, struggling in a desperate encounter for their very lives. The flames threw a constant change of light and shadow on their faces, seeming to increase at moments the expression of enmity depicted there.

The voice of the *aubergiste* roused me from meditations which these figures had called up. 'Voyons, monsieur!' said he, from the opposite side of the table—'souper.' The *aubergiste*, who was a chubby-faced little man, with gray whiskers and watery eyes, politely held out his snuff-box as he spoke, as though it were part of the repast. He offered, as far as I could judge, a pinch to every one who patronised his inn. He was dressed in a blouse over his coat. He kept on his cap as he sat at table; for he wore that, I observed, at all hours and at all seasons, indoors and out.

If the supper was not sumptuous, it had the merit of being, as far as it went, equal in quality to any that could have been provided. The soup was excellent; the cider was the best to be had in Normandy, the land of cider; and my landlord gave me a glass of Burgundy, and some wall-fruit, fresh from the garden, which an epicure would have praised.

When I had smoked a pipe with the *aubergiste*, and had chatted a while with his pretty daughter, I bade them both good-night, and went to my room, above-stairs, in a more genial state of mind.

Some hours after I had retired to bed, I was awakened by a knocking at the front door; and then I heard voices in the road, talking loudly. At first, I took no heed of these sounds; but as the noise prevented me from sleeping, I gradually began to grow curious to ascertain the cause of such a disturbance at this late hour; for, on striking a light and referring to my watch, I found that it was past one o'clock. By this time the visitors had gained admission; and I now recognised the voice of the *aubergiste* speaking in his loud tone with some men at the entrance to the

inn. My curiosity was roused. The incident of the afternoon again recurred to me; again I was haunted by that repulsive face of the wheelwright. Could this visit have anything to do with him, or with Monsieur Léonard? I dressed hastily, and descended. As I reached the bottom of the staircase, I encountered Marie, looking frightened and as pale as death. Without uttering a word, she beckoned to me to enter the kitchen. I followed her.

The fire in the hearth had burned out. A small heap of white ashes lay there; and behind them, the blackened stone tablet with the wrestlers struggling with each other in their desperate embrace. Those were the objects upon which my eyes fell as Marie placed a candle upon the table, and clasping her hands, exclaimed: 'Monsieur Léonard!'

I demanded anxiously: 'What of him?'

'He is lost!' cried the girl.

I looked into her face for a clearer meaning to her words. 'Who says this?'

She pointed towards the door. 'The two gentlemen who have just arrived.'

'How do they know that he is lost?'

'They have been dining,' said she, 'at his father's house. He had not returned home when they left Fécamp, an hour ago.'

I tried to reassure the girl. 'But,' said I, 'that does not prove that he is lost. There may be many ways of explaining his delay in reaching home.'

The girl burst into tears. 'No,' said she—'no. There is only one.' Her desire to overcome the grief and the terror which had evidently taken hold of her, was painful to witness.

'Tell me,' said I, as soon as she became calmer—'tell me what it is you fear. Perhaps I may be able to render you some assistance.'

'Indeed, you can,' said she, looking up gratefully into my face. 'The two gentlemen who are now in the café with my father, who are resting here on their way home, have evidently been drinking; they cannot take a serious view of the affair. But I, who know the truth, am confident that Faubert is the cause of this trouble. He swore to me this afternoon that he would take the life of Monsieur Léonard to-night.'

I uttered an exclamation of horror. 'Why,' said I—'why did you not mention this before?'

'I did not believe it,' said she. 'But I do not doubt it now.'

'Why not?'

'I have been to his house,' said she. 'He is not there.'

'Are you sure?'

'Absolutely.'

I moved quickly towards the door. 'The matter is serious,' said I; 'not a moment must be lost.' As I spoke, a loud burst of laughter came from the café opposite. I glanced through the glass door, and perceived two men drinking at a table with the *aubergiste*, as though they had forgotten the existence of their missing friend.

Marie looked at me in despair. 'They do not know,' said she.

'I will enlighten them at once,' I replied, placing my fingers on the latch.

I felt her hand upon my arm. 'No,' said she; 'I implore you.'

'But'—

'My father,' said she—'I am afraid of him. If he knew of this, he would blame me. I am engaged to be married to Faubert.'

'To that demon?' I exclaimed with surprise.

'It is my father's wish,' she explained. 'Oh, how I hate the man!' she added.

Another burst of laughter reached us.

'Quick!' said I—'some lanterns. Leave all to me.'

Assuming as calm and polite a manner as I could under the circumstances, I entered the café, and addressed the two men. 'I understand, gentlemen,' said I, 'that your friend Monsieur Léonard has not returned this evening to his father's house at Fécamp. This fact is not perhaps in itself very alarming. But I have reason to believe that he has met with foul-play.—I will explain myself,' I added, as the men began to question me, 'more clearly presently. If you will accompany me along the road which Monsieur Léonard told me he should take to-night on his return to Fécamp, we can talk as we go along; for I think we ought to lose no time in starting on this search.'

The men readily agreed to my proposal. My manner was earnest, and my words sobered them. They soon showed as much eagerness to depart on the errand as I could have expected.

At my suggestion, we proceeded on foot each with a lantern of his own. It had ceased to rain; but the night was intensely dark and misty. I selected one side of the road, while my companions searched along the centre and upon the other side. Halting constantly for consultation, we marched in a line, flashing our lanterns at every point and at every object in our course.

After I had briefly related to these two friends what I had seen and heard at the inn, we spoke no word, except when we stopped to examine a spot in the valley or on the slope, when one of us never failed to shout out 'Léonard!' in a loud tone. The echo of his name which sometimes resounded in our ears, seemed to me like a voice from the dead, and made me shudder. It was altogether a ghostly errand. The two men, each in a circle of light from his lantern, resembled phantoms as they moved along with a cautious step; and frequently, haunted as I was by the face of the wheelwright, I imagined I saw Faubert's dark eyes distinctly in the night beyond my lantern, and could only chase away the vision for a moment by closing my eyes.

We had gone a mile or more along the road in the manner described, when suddenly some object, scarcely larger than a glow-worm, flashed distinctly against the light of my lantern. 'What's that?' said I to my companions, pointing towards the spot. But without waiting for a reply, I cautiously descended the hill. 'A hand!' I cried, 'and upon it a diamond ring.' The light of my lantern at the same moment fell upon a ghastly face. It was Monsieur Léonard! At first, I believed him to be dead. But placing my hand upon his heart, I found that it was still beating. A wound above his forehead, from some blunt instrument, told a dreadful tale. We carried him back to the *auberge* without uttering a word. He lingered between life and death for days. Marie nursed him with a care which proved how deep a love she bore him. She saved his life.

About a year after this event, Monsieur Léonard

was married to the daughter of the *aubergiste*. The wheelwright has never been seen at Senneville since. Monsieur Léonard declared that he saw nothing and heard nothing before he was struck down. The house and shed where Faubert lived and worked are still to be let, but no one seems anxious to succeed him as the wheelwright of Senneville.

MOOR-BURNINGS.

THE hoar-frost lay thick and white all over the grass; but the sun was rapidly creeping up and turning the powdery rime into dewdrops. On the river the white foam-bells were chasing each other in and out among the rough stones which broke the smooth surface, till they came to the pool, where, eddying to the further side just under the cliff, crowned in summer with slender waving birches, they formed a thick mass of foam, which would presently break up into small patches, and float down the still reach of water beneath. Far down the Scottish valley, great white clouds of mist hung like a curtain, shrouding the range of the Lowther Hills; but to the north, the circle of hills lay clear and bright in the sunshine of a glorious spring morning. Every smoothly rounded hill-top, every rugged scaur, was pronounced and distinct; while on the great shoulders of Cor-sencon, which slope down into the valley of the Nith, every pleasant field and farm seemed as if it were but half a mile off.

The clear fresh hill-air, exhilarating in its keenness; the little birds singing to each other from every bush; and the grouse calling on the moorland—all gave a well-remembered character of their own to the place and season. But what was it above all that marked it out as a March day among the moors? Was it not the subtle aroma which pervaded the atmosphere, and which bespoke the annual process of burning portions of old heather for the sake of clearing the ground for young grass? Was there ever a child who lived among the moors and the hills who did not love the moor-burnings? And was there ever man or woman either, who had loved them as a child, and had come back again, especially from far lands, without feeling the strange unreasoning thrill of joy which had possessed them in days of yore? The aromatic scent of the morning grass acts like the smoke of the incense used by magicians of old to conjure up visions. The intervening years roll away; the cares and anxieties of middle life fall from their weary shoulders; the old childish joy in the air and the sunshine rises afresh; and more than all, the faces and the forms which shared their joy long ago come back to them with a vividness and reality which seem to bring the very dead to life.

It is a day to be lived out of doors as much as possible, and so we wander along the quiet country road, watching the leaves budding on the hedges and the currant-bushes in the cottage gardens; and after crossing the old stone bridge over the river and climbing the hill, we turn

off across the moor and down into a glen. Though it was quiet and still and sunny out on the high-road, there were yet some signs of life and daily work. The coal-pit steamed and clanked down in the valley; trains might be seen winding in and out by the curves of the river; ploughmen were plodding behind their teams; the surfacemen were at work on the line; and 'tramps' in quite unusual numbers might be seen on the road. But out on the moor, where the little burns, brown as amber, gurgled among the stones, 'syne lichtit in a linn,' and where the sun shone so warmly in sheltered nooks as to make it seem more like June than March, or down in the glen under the trees, labour and civilisation alike seemed to be a hundred miles away. The stillness in the glen was only broken by the voices of the burn and of the birds. Out on the moor in the sunshine the blackcocks were calling, and surely that was the quick sharp *gok, gok!* of the grouse. The green moss, in lovely tender patches, might be seen every here and there under the trees; while gray lichens and silvery birch stems and the brown fir needles gave a contrast of colour which heightened the subdued beauty of all. Not a fern could be seen; but a month later, that bank by the mineral well will be covered with dainty oak and beech ferns, while all through the wood others will rise in graceful crowns of foliage. We cross the burn by impromptu stepping-stones, scramble up a brae through a plantation, and soon are out on the moor again, a good deal higher up than where we entered the glen. The moor melts into 'hill' so gradually that it is hard to tell the meeting-point. Just on the ridge we see two gray figures, the shepherd and his son busy moor-burning. From one dry tuft to another they go, wreaths of thick white smoke marking their progress. Sometimes the flame catches too quickly, and spreads too far down the hill, where it is not wanted; and then young Sandie hurries to the spot, putting it out in one place, fanning it in another. Who that has ever tried it, does not know the delight, the excitement, the feeling that this playing with fire *must* be a half-forbidden pleasure; and then the smoke-blackened faces and hands, the forgetfulness of time, the keen appetite induced by the fresh moorland air and exercise!

Lovers of Wordsworth know how the song of the thrush brought wondrous visions to poor Susan amidst London streets—

Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

And so the pungent smell of burning grass on a railway embankment brings a vision to the dwellers in cities still, of wide-spreading moorland, and smooth green hills, the sunny stillness of the glens, and the wild cry of the curlew.

As we go slowly down the hill, a wonderful panorama rises before us; the morning mist has cleared away, and the two ranges of the Lowther Hills, rising one behind the other, stand out clear and distinct before us. The moor-burnings are going on all around, and the wreaths of smoke rise and fall amongst the hills in the most fantastic fashion. A peak just in the foreground has been burned black, while volumes

of thick white smoke rise up all round it; and every here and there, black patches are to be seen on the hillsides. As the sun sinks westward, his rays strike more strongly on the little gray church. Down in the village the girls' voices ring out shrilly as they play at skipping-rope, and merrily take their turns one after another. The postman goes off with his bag, containing who knows how much of weal or woe; and in striking contrast to the sunshine and the childish merriment are the quiet homes where age and sickness have their abiding-place, and where weary eyes look forth on a world that soon will know them no more.

The day has passed only too quickly. Great masses of crimson clouds show where the sun has sunk behind yonder hill; the young moon is rising, and the clear stars shine out from a blue and frosty sky. As the darkness gathers, the moor-burnings show in another aspect. They are no longer merely wreaths and clouds of smoke; great tongues of flame seem to rise up and run along the hillside; every here and there, a hilltop is crested with fire; and far away down the valley, a dull red light is flickering and glowing. They seem apart from all human influence, and yet, watchful hands and eyes are ever at hand to guide the course of the fire, or put it out if need be. Where the flames are to-night, only black disfiguring patches will be seen to-morrow. They preach us a sermon in their own way, and tell us that after the purifying fires have cleared away all that is useless and barren, the soft grass will spring up with a more tender grace than before, and delight the sheep-farmer with its enriched herbage.

MODERN TRIAL BY ORDEAL.

A GENTLEMAN, who some years ago acted as surgeon to several friendly societies in the county of Durham, relates the following anecdote, which occurred between him and one of his rustic constituents. A member of an Oddfellows' lodge came one evening for advice at the usual hour of consultation. The symptoms were duly detailed, and the surgeon prescribed a mixture which contained two grains of tartrate of antimony in eight ounces of water. The patient on arriving home took a dose of his medicine, but was annoyed to find that it had so little taste, and that moreover it presented no solid material to be shaken up. On submitting the bottle to his wife, she also, on tasting, pronounced it to be 'nowt but wetter.' He then took counsel with some of his brethren, who were not very favourably disposed towards the doctor, and, yielding to their advice, entered a complaint to the lodge. In due time, the doctor received from the secretary a notice to attend and answer brother Jones's charge to the effect that he had been supplied with water instead of medicine. In reply to this notice, the surgeon asked the secretary to intimate to the aggrieved brother that it would be necessary to have the medicine produced, in order that he might have a fair chance of rebutting the charge.

When the night arrived, there was a goodly attendance of members, and the lodge having been formally opened, Jones was asked to stand forth and prefer his charge against the doctor, which he

did, alleging that the bottle produced was given to him for medicine, and contained nothing but water. After he had finished his statement, the surgeon proclaimed to the meeting that if Jones was sincere in his belief that there was nothing but water in the bottle, he could have no objection to drinking the contents at one draught. The chairman and brethren thought this a reasonable proposition, and put it to Jones accordingly. Jones was evidently not quite prepared for this crucial test of his belief, but could see no way out of it. After a little hesitation he consented. The contents of the eight-ounce mixture were transferred to a tumbler, and he quaffed them off. The doctor then intimated to the chairman that he might proceed with any other business, until the medicine had time to take effect. After the lapse of about half an hour, Jones began to exhibit signs of internal disturbance, and a basin was brought in for his convenience. It soon became manifest to the brethren that there must have been something more than water in the mixture. The doctor submitted that he had effectually upset both Jones and his allegation, and quitted the lodge in triumph.

YESTERDAY COMES NOT.

I HAD a diamond ring,
Radiant with love's bright promise long ago;
But ah! it could not bring
Fulfilment—love and life alike lay low!

I gave it to a friend—
Its sparkle seemed so mocking 'mid my tears—
A tried and faithful friend,
And lived a dim gray life through lonesome years.

Then lately hope began
To throb within me feebly once again;
Each morrow had its plan,
And memory was not altogether pain.

And with this new-found life
Came a great longing for the radiant ring;
My fancies aye were rife
With what of olden joy it yet might bring.

My friend the wish had guessed,
And sent it back, right generous, to me.
How shall I tell the rest?
Look at my hands; their story you may see!

With widow's toil rough grown,
The ring could clasp my finger now no more;
Ah, youth and joy have flown!
And earth can never hopes once lost restore!

The past comes never back!
Thank Heaven for the old glamour—though 'tis
O'er—
Something the days to come must lack;
The ring will fit the finger nevermore!

HYACINTH.

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